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RADICAL
COMICS

3 of 3

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MATURE
READERS

incarnate™



NICK SIMMONS • NAM KIM

incarnate™

ISSUE 3 OF 3

PREVIOUSLY... They cannot die. They feel no pain. They crave human flesh. They are the Revenants. The immortal known as Mot finds himself captured by the clandestine organization SANCTUM, dedicated to the destruction of his kind. Enslaved and assigned to be the bodyguard and companion of Sibyl, the SANCTUM leader's daughter, Mot and his protégé Connor are forced to endure the worst punishment of all... a teenage girl's whims. But when the remaining Revenants begin a surprise assault on Sibyl's mansion, Mot finds himself stabbed through the heart by none other than Ripley, the Revenant leader with whom he seems to share a dark and complicated past. What happened centuries ago between these two inhuman rivals that brought them, inexorably, to this act of betrayal?

Creator and Writer

NICK SIMMONS

Penciler **NICK SIMMONS**

Inker **MATT DALTON**

Colorist **DAMI DIGITAL**

Assistant Artists **NAM KIM & BEN HARVEY of STUDIO IL**

Letterer **ROB STEEN**

Editor **TIM BEEDLE**



COVER A

JO CHEN

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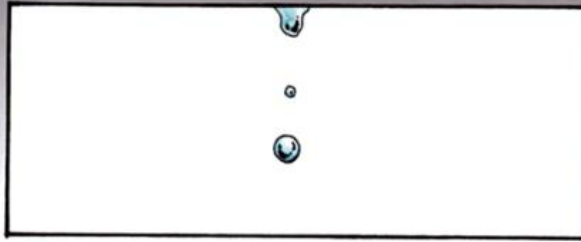
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Marketing Analyst **HANN LI YOUNG**
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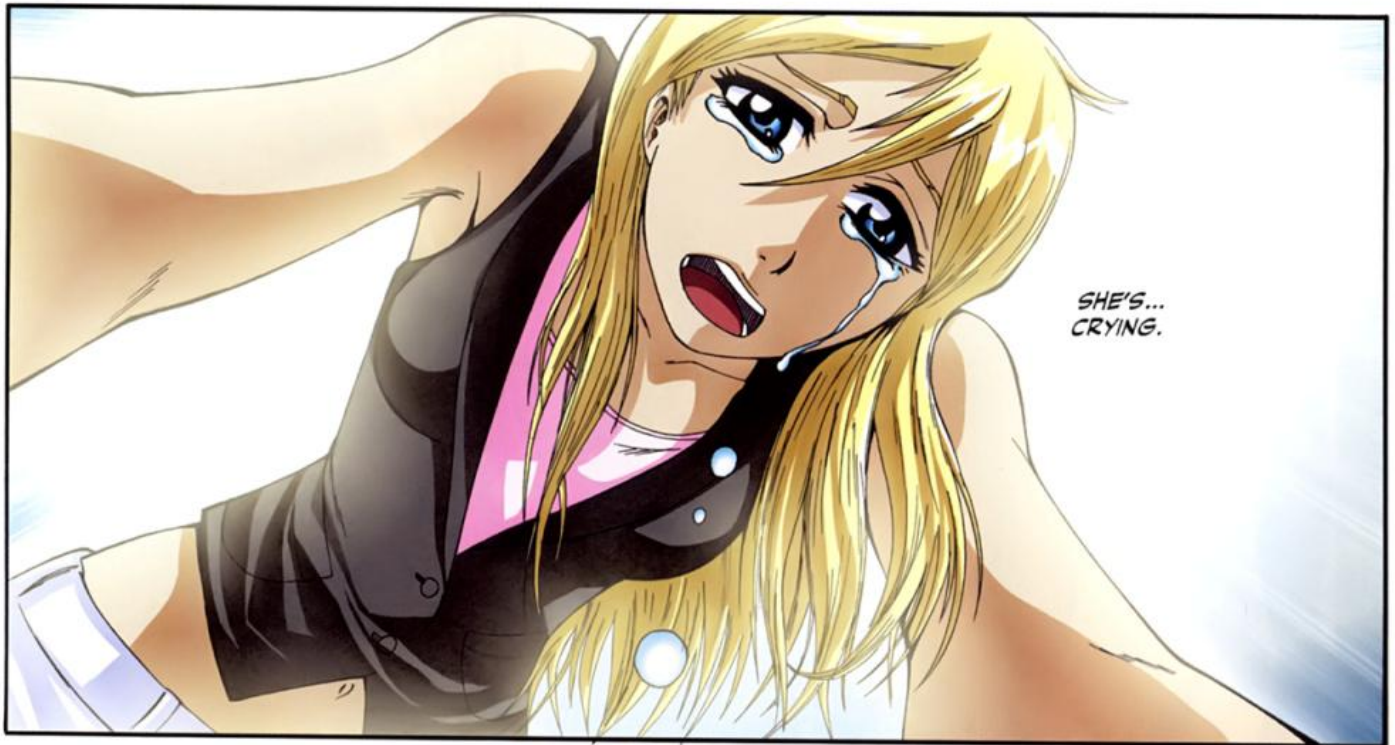






...

...HUH?



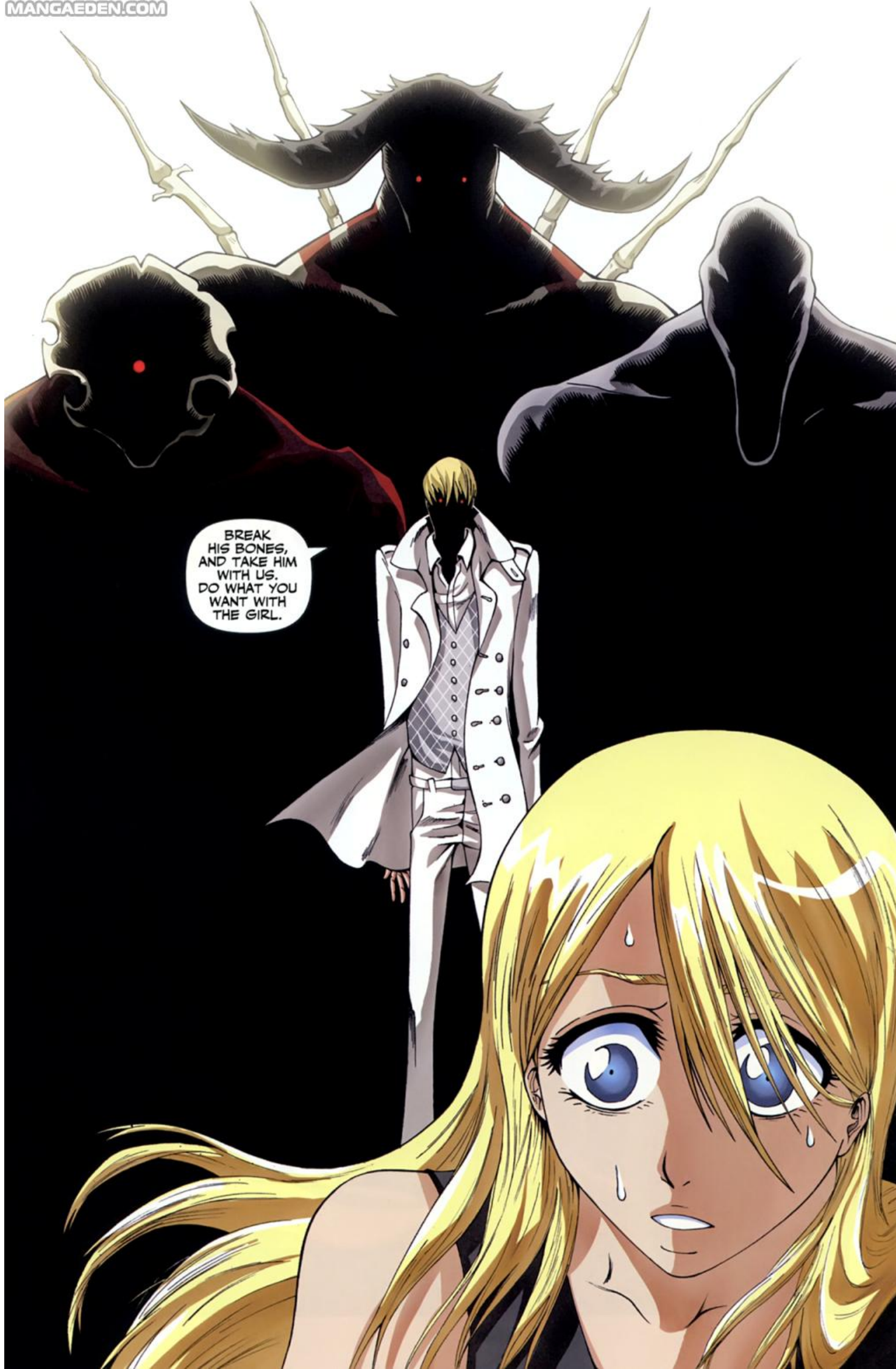
SHE'S...
CRYING.





HOW RIDICULOUS.

TPT





WHAM

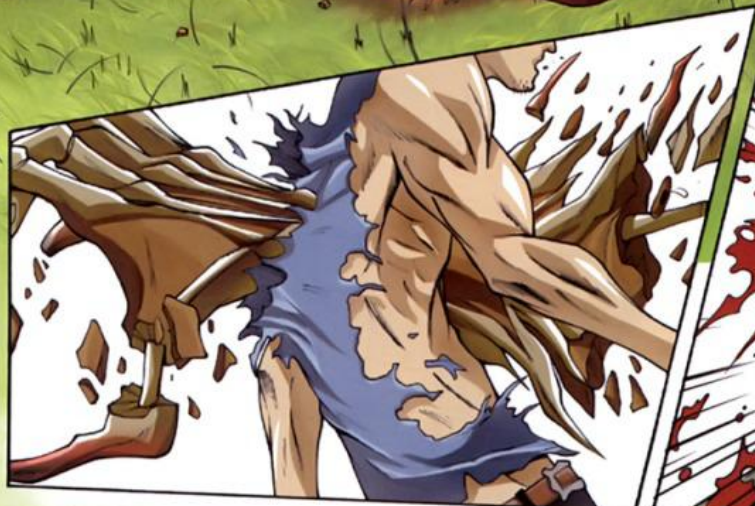
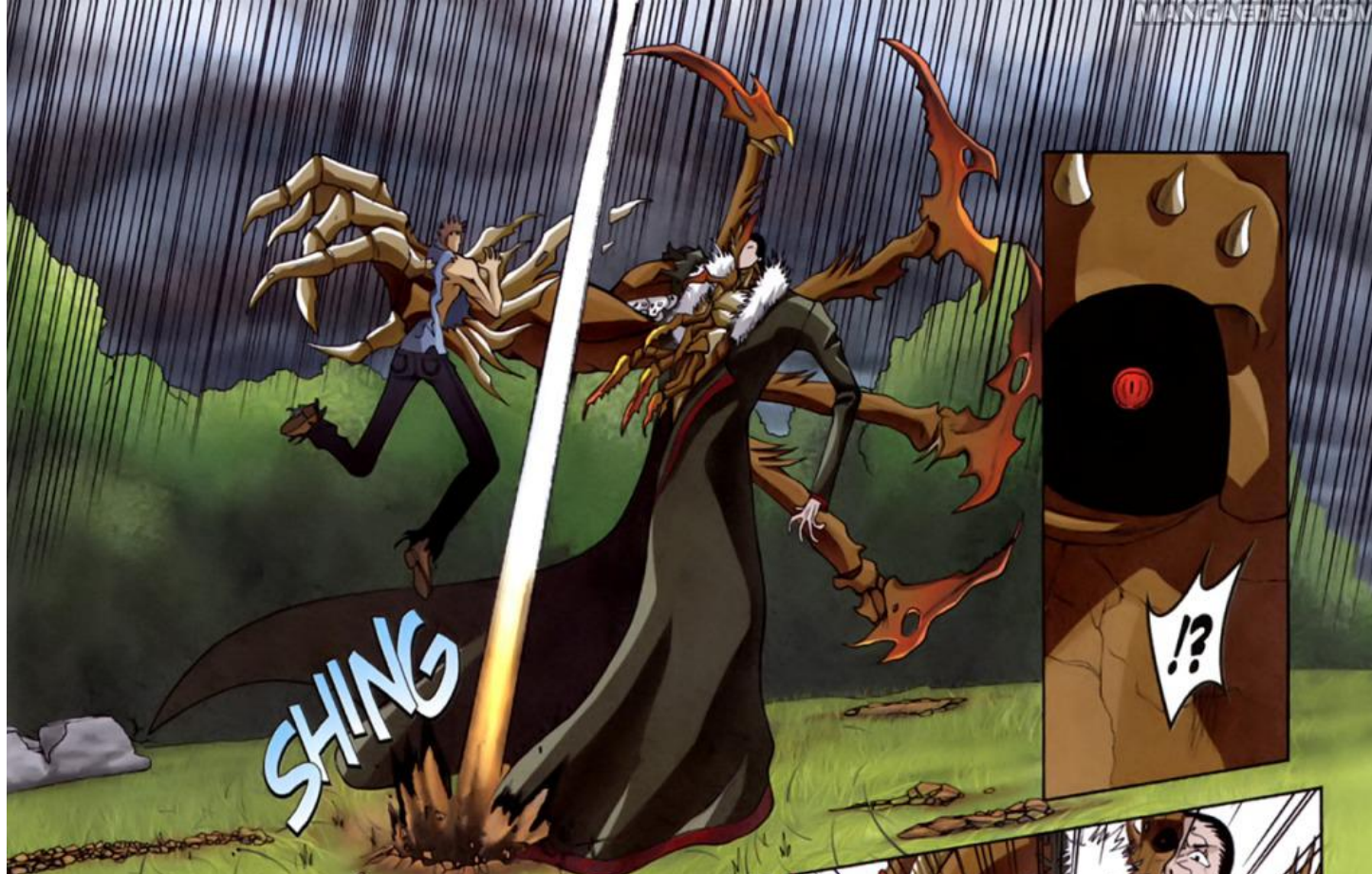
SO,
IT'S REALLY
TRUE...

...YOU CAN'T
TRANSFORM
AT ALL, CAN
YOU?





OOPS...
I GUESS YOU CAN'T
REGENERATE WHILE I'M
STILL *INSIDE*, CAN YOU?
WHAT A PITY... WELL, I DON'T
HAVE TIME TO STAND AROUND
ALL DAY PLAYING WITH YOU.
SO, PLEASE, IF YOU DON'T
MIND...JUST HURRY
UP AND DIE.







I'LL
TAKE IT FROM
HERE, TOUGH
GUY.



HEH...
O...KAY...

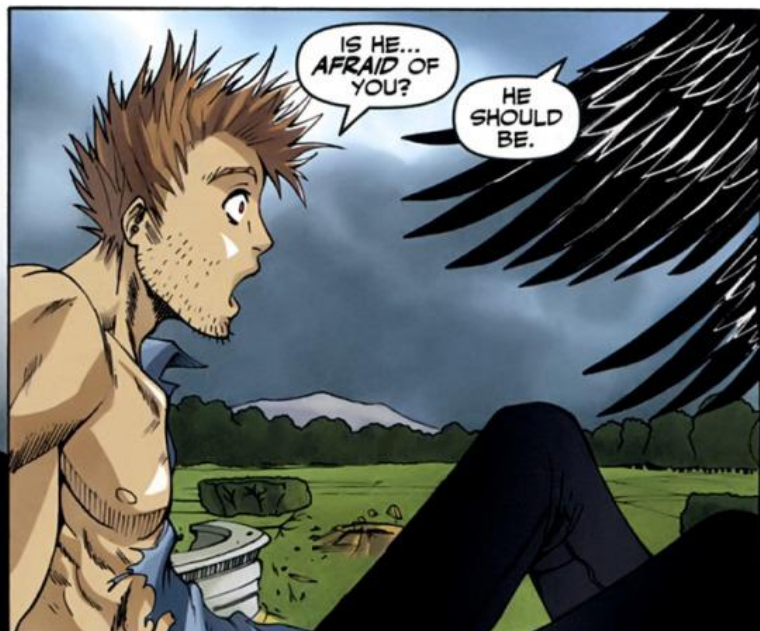


YOU
LITTLE BITCH!
I KNEW IT!
YOU TRAITOR!



SIGH...

JUST
BECAUSE I
DON'T LIKE
THE WAY
THINGS
ARE BEING
RUN AROUND
HERE...
DOESN'T
MAKE ME
A TRAITOR,
DORIAN.

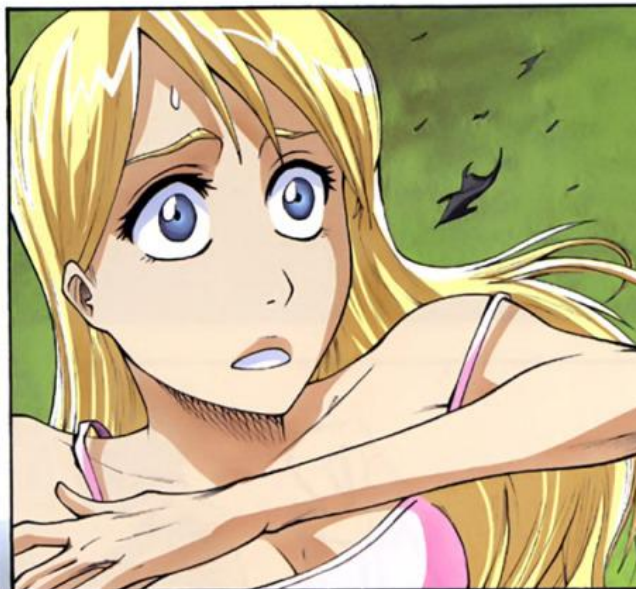


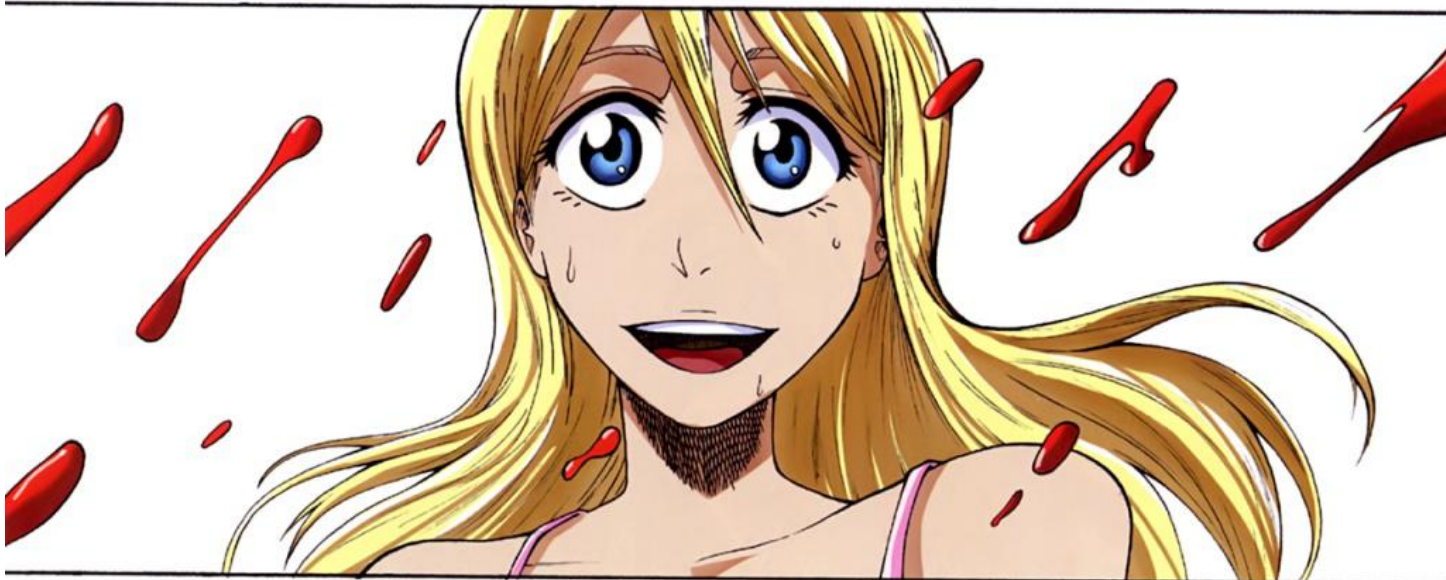
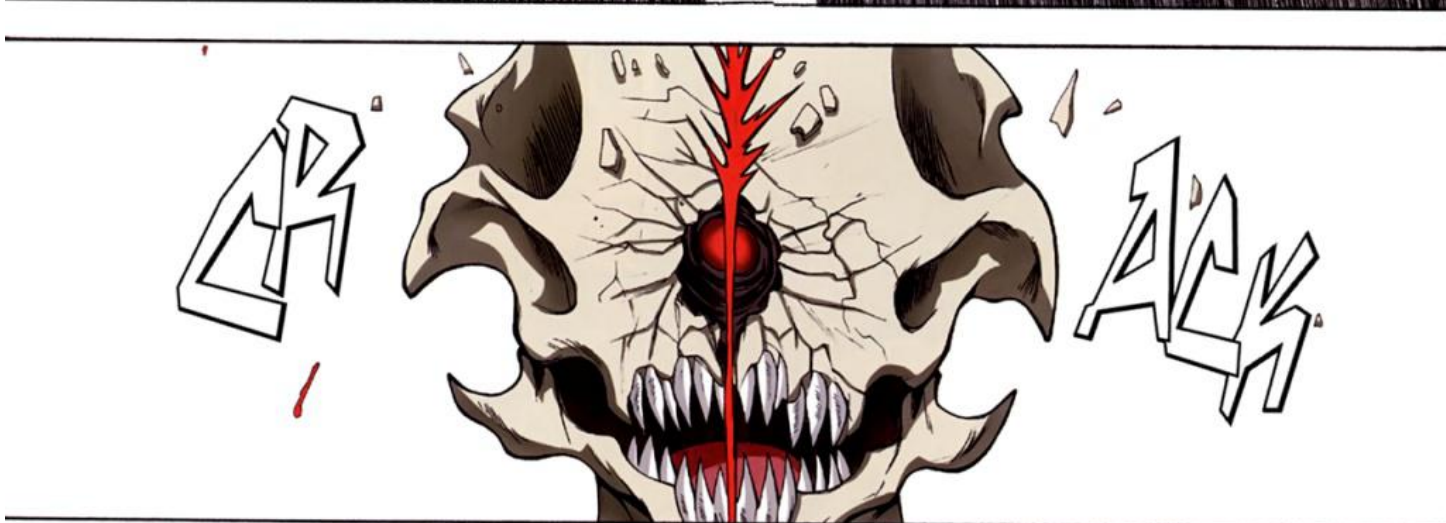
IS HE...
AFRAID OF
YOU?

HE
SHOULD
BE.



I'M A FEW
CENTURIES HIS
SENIOR.







WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?



ARE YOU
GOING BACK
ON YOUR
WORD, LITTLE
MONSTER?





AH
AHA
HA
HA
HA
HA
HA!!



HE'S...
A MASOCHIST?



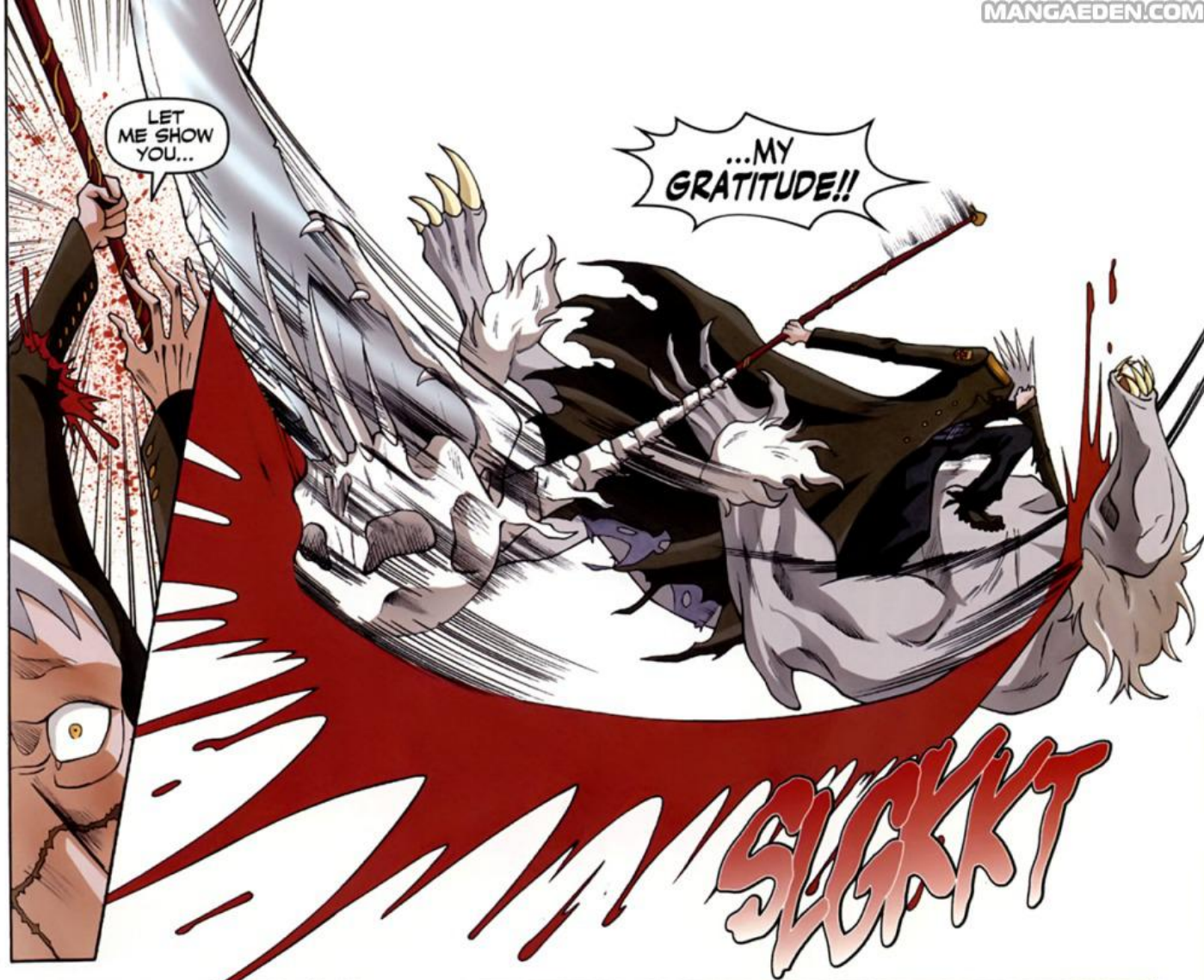
HA
HAHA
HAHAHA
HA!!!

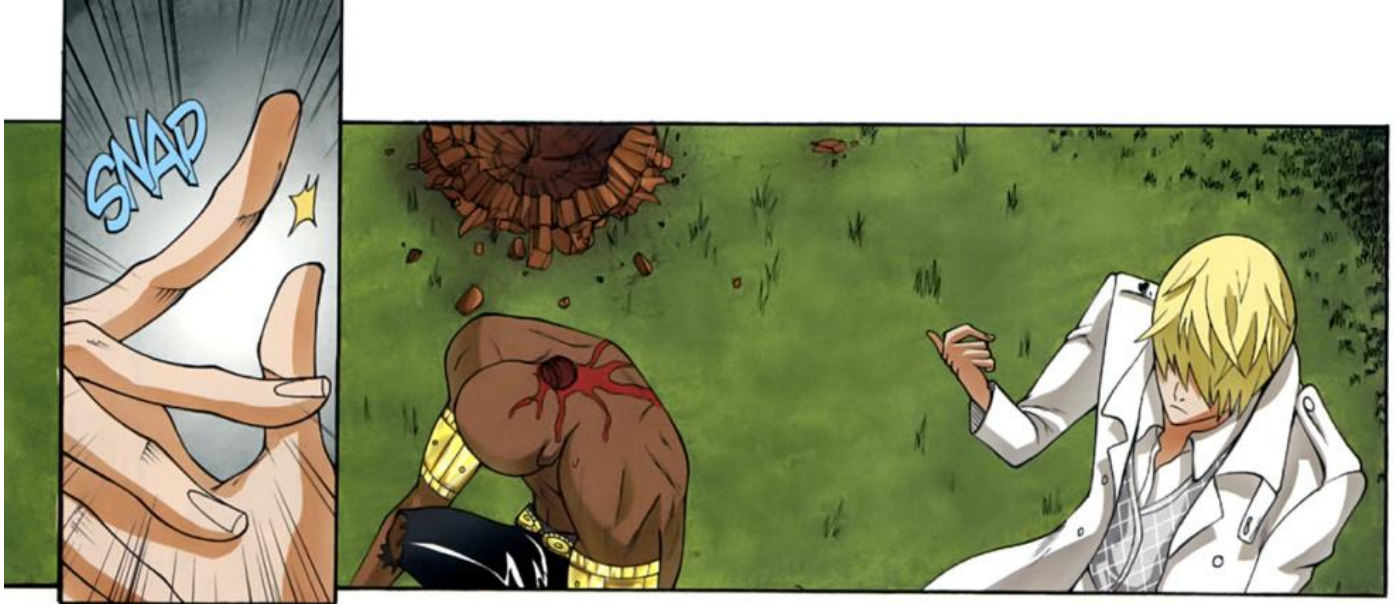
WHAT A
SURPRISE!
LOOKS LIKE THIS
BRAINLESS OAF'S
ACTUALLY GOT SOME
FIGHT IN 'IM!
NOW THIS IS
FUN!!!

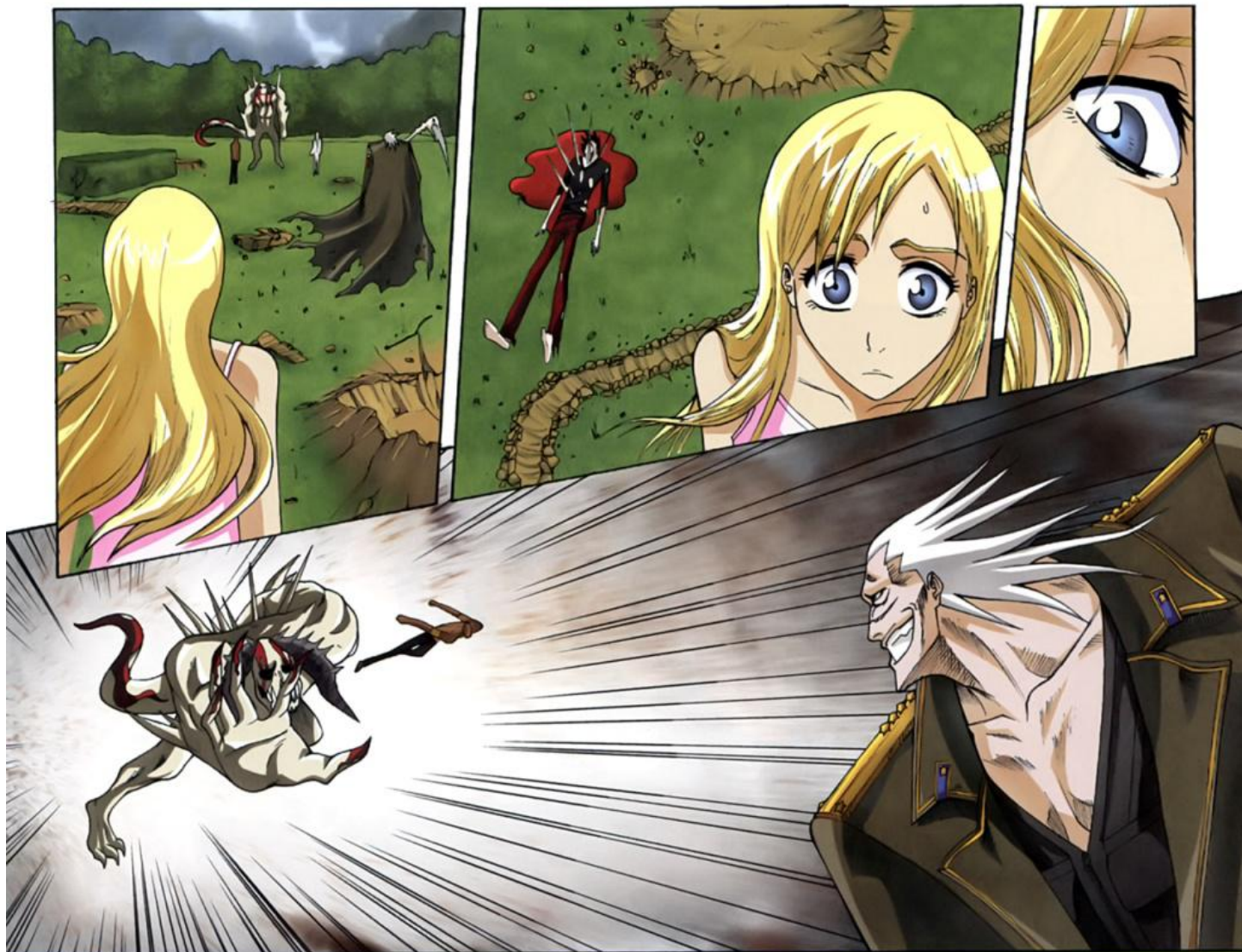
AN
ARM FOR
AN ARM, IS
IT?

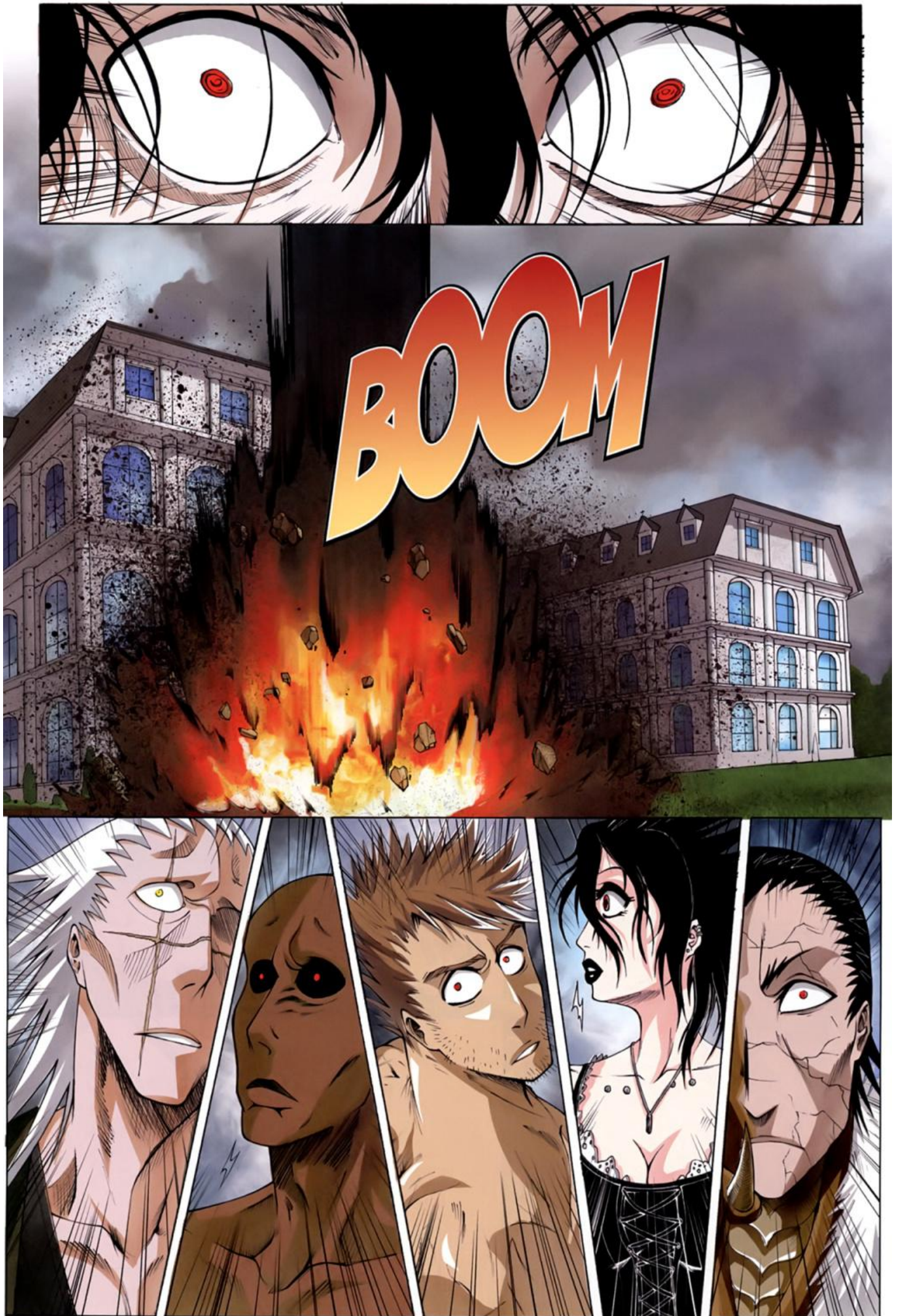
WELL
THEN...

KSSH









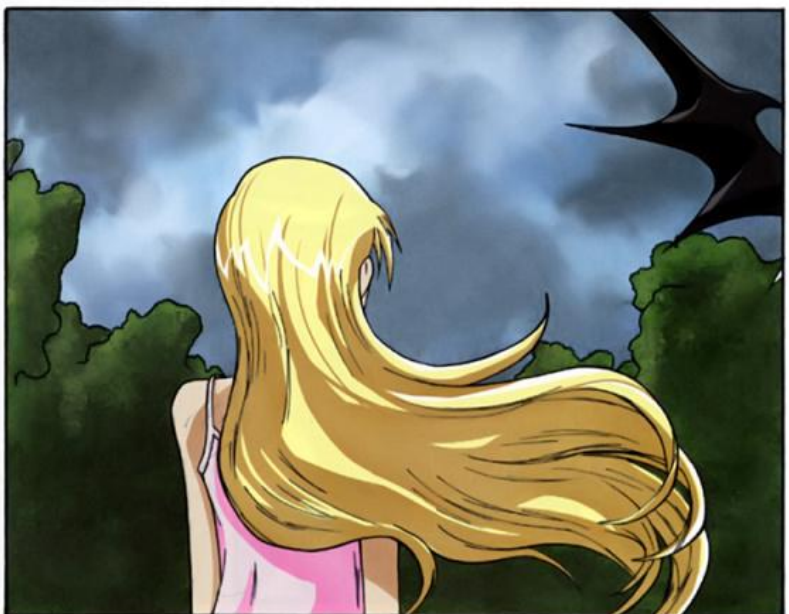
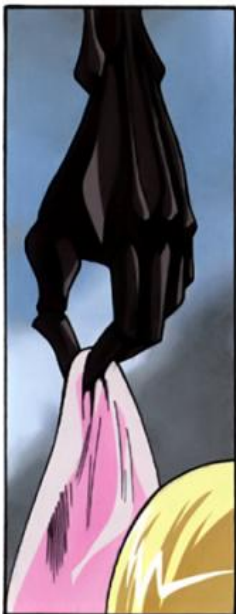


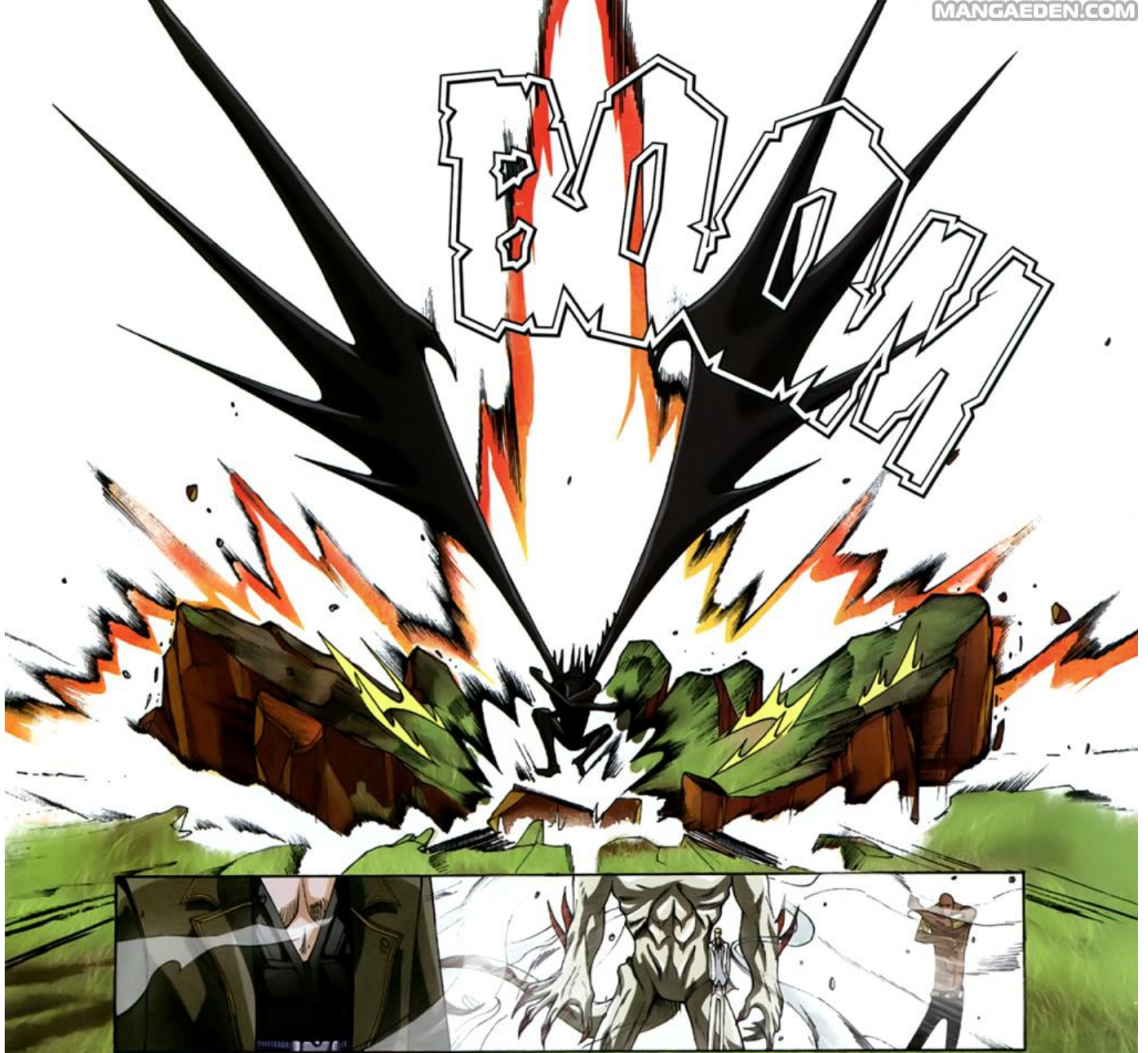










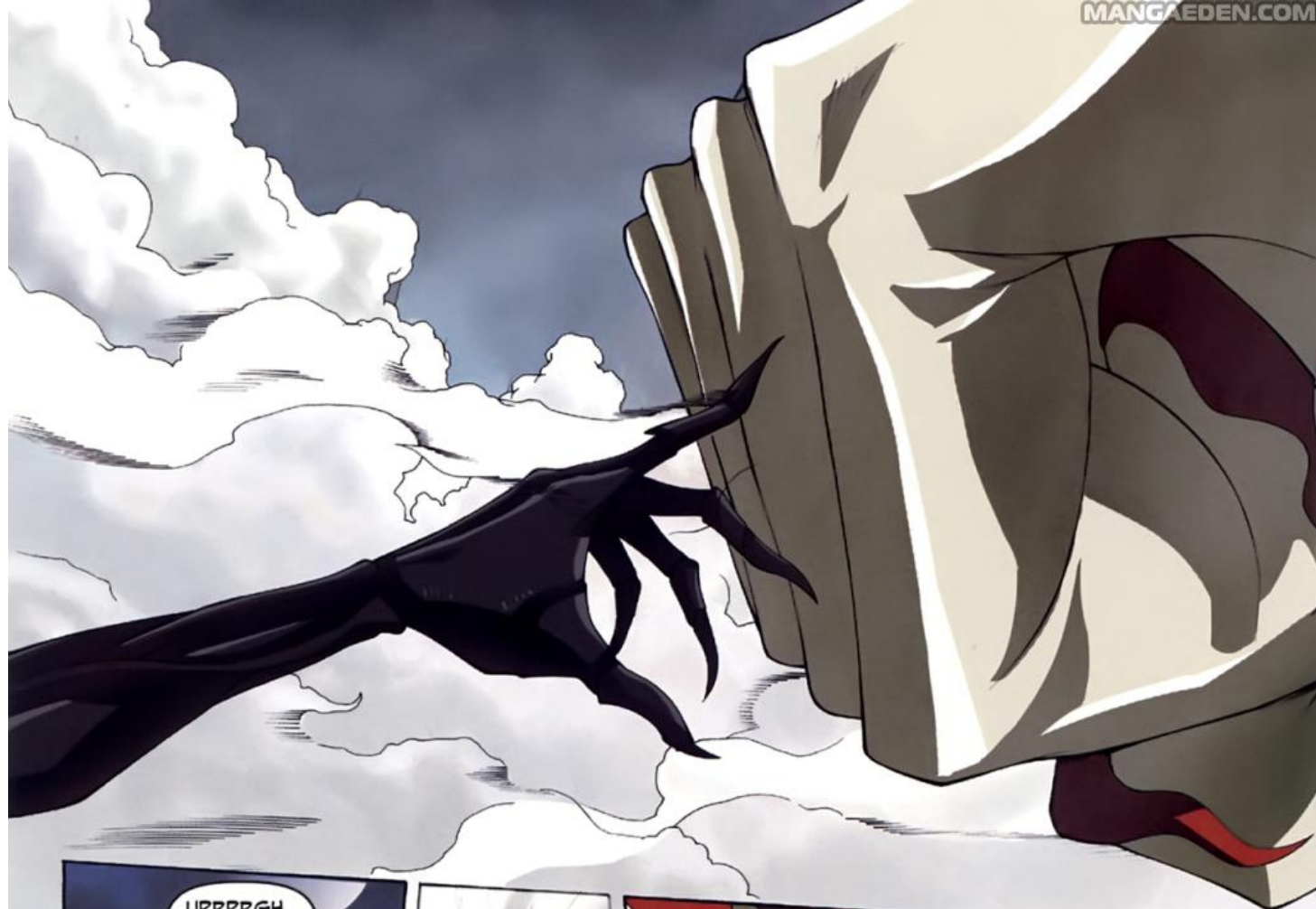




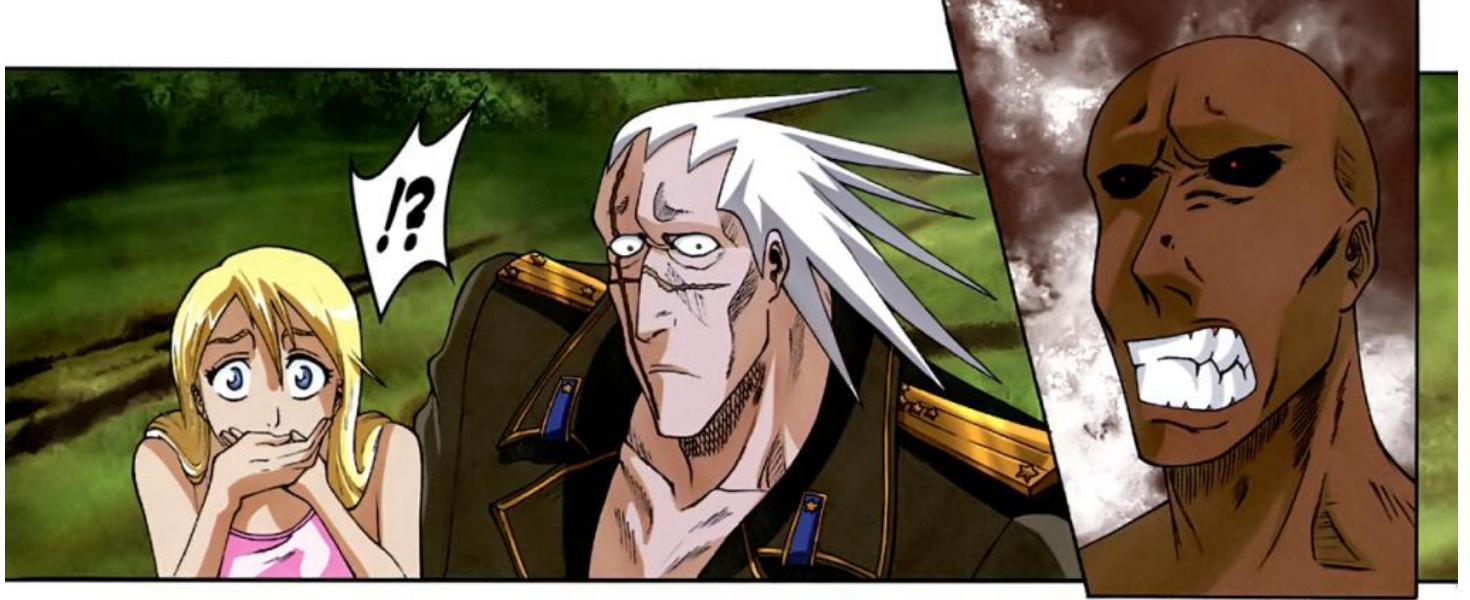


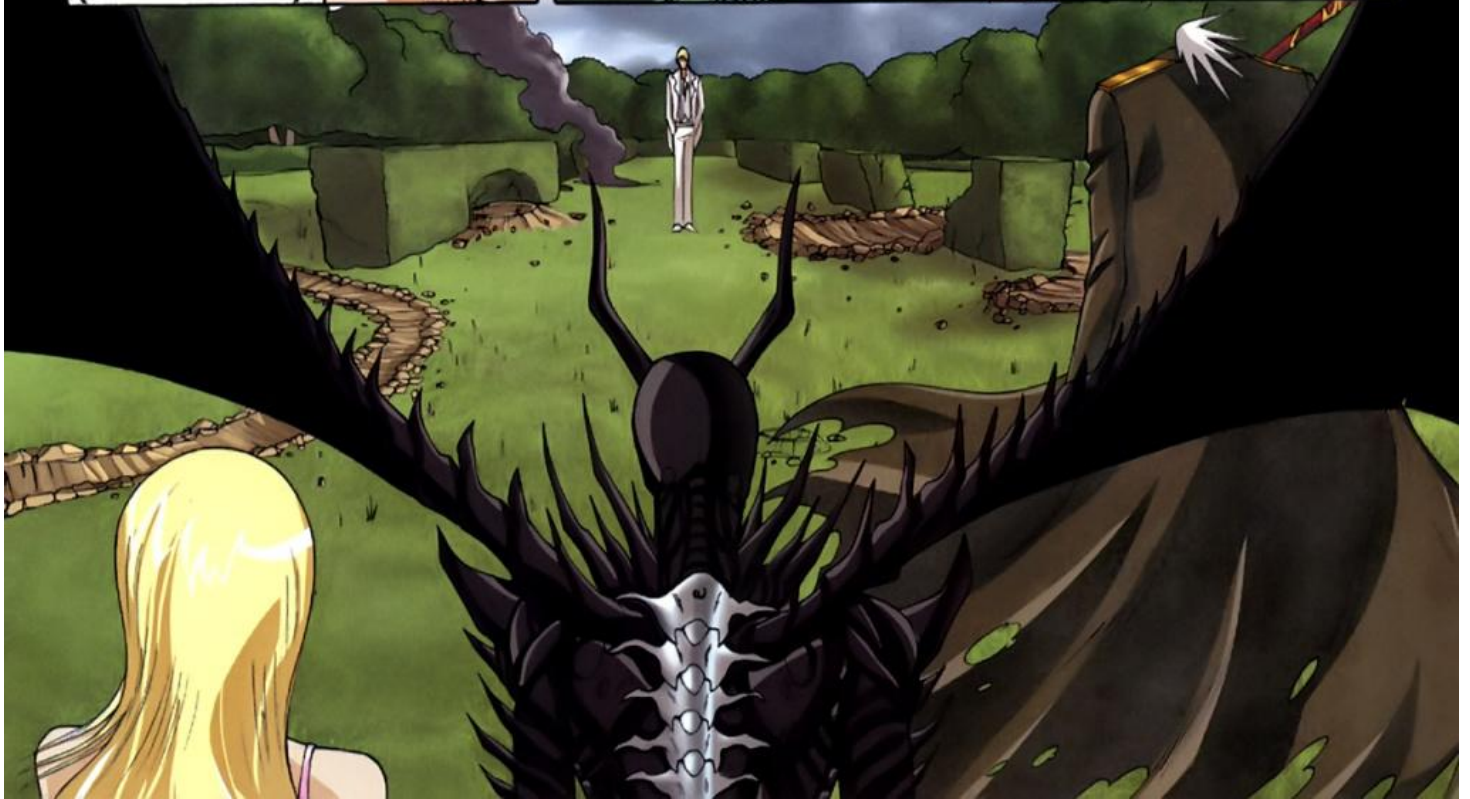
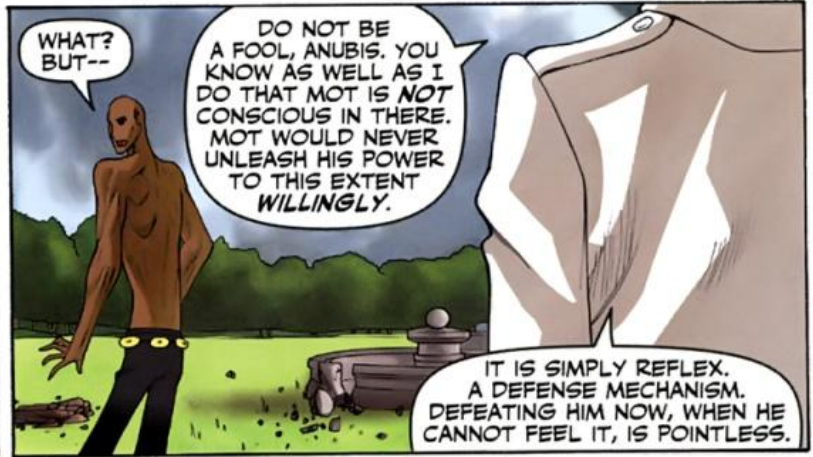


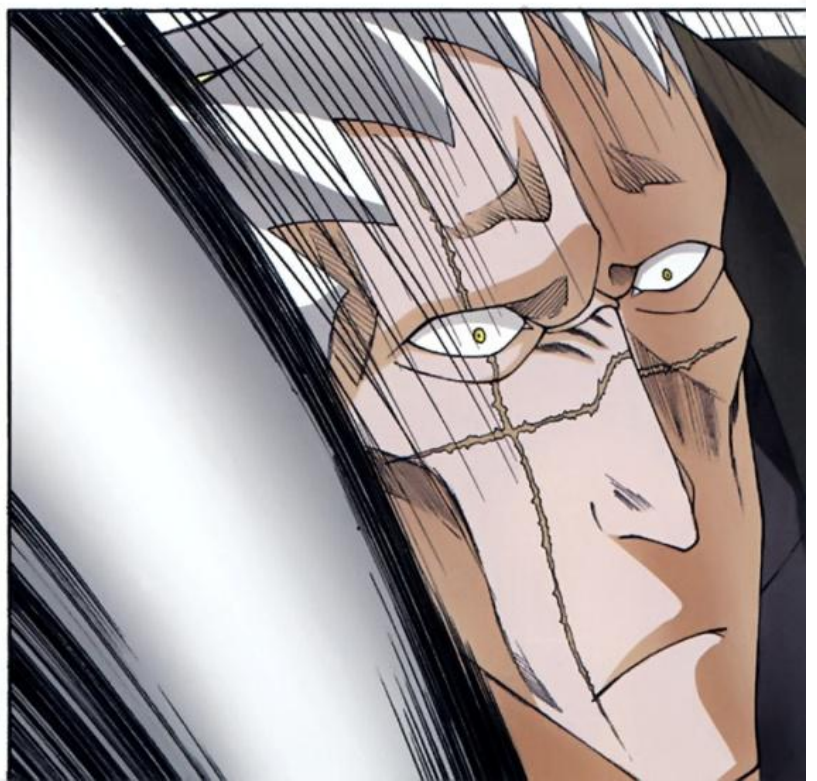


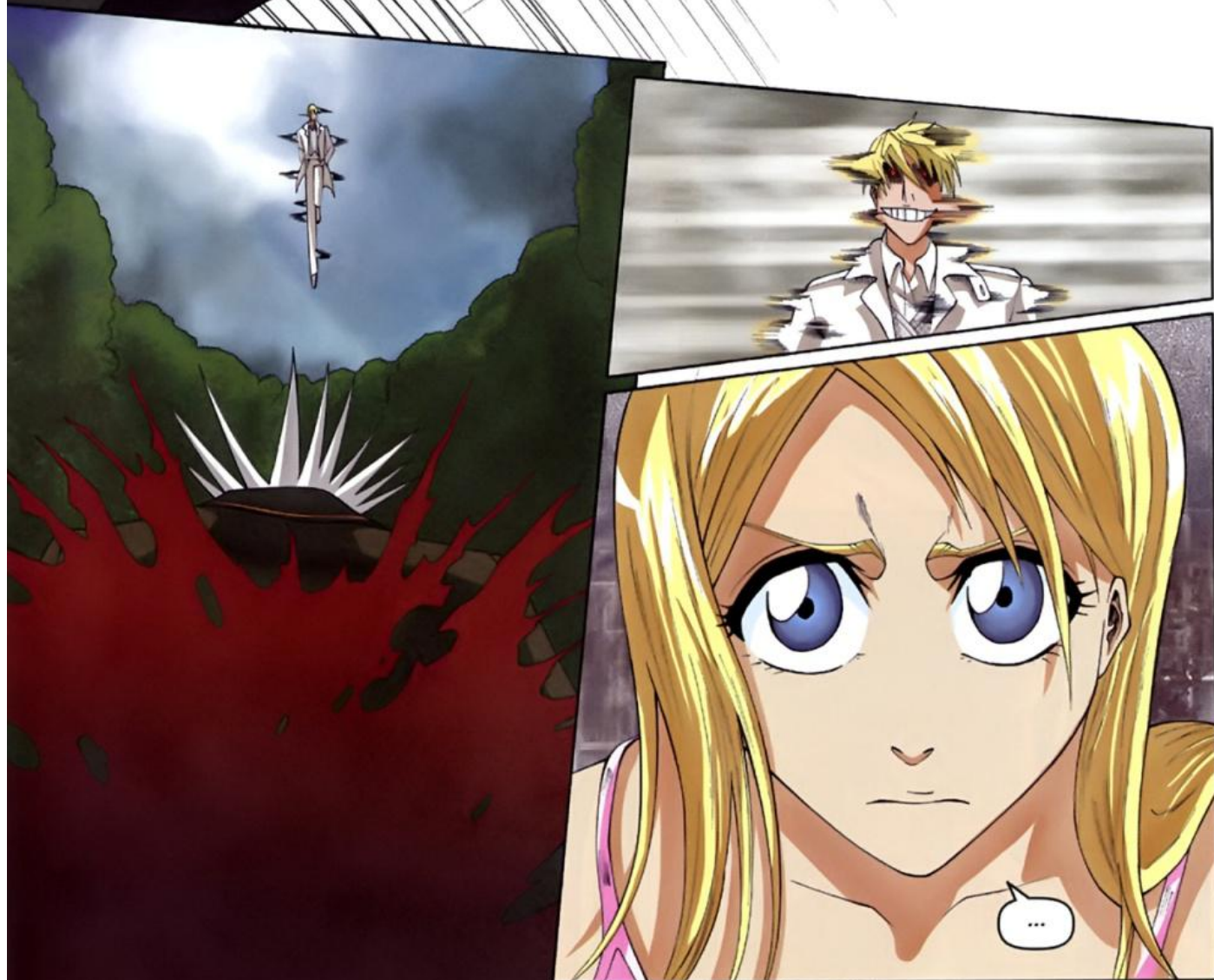


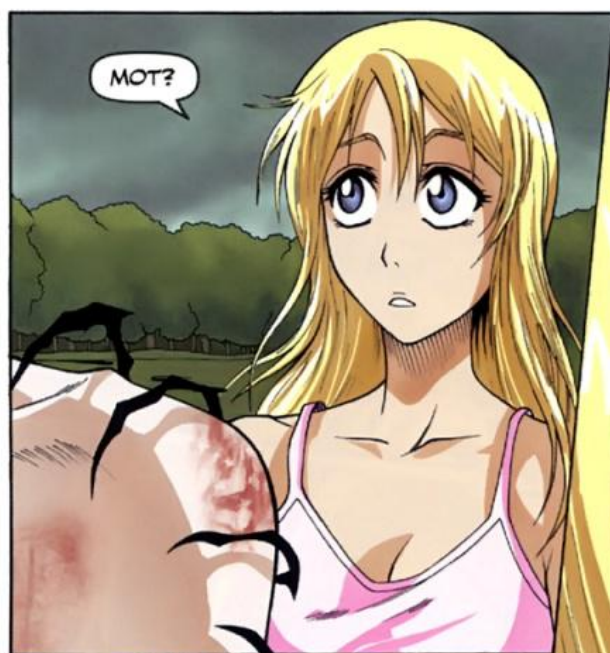














ARE
YOU TWO
OUT OF
YOUR
MINDS?!

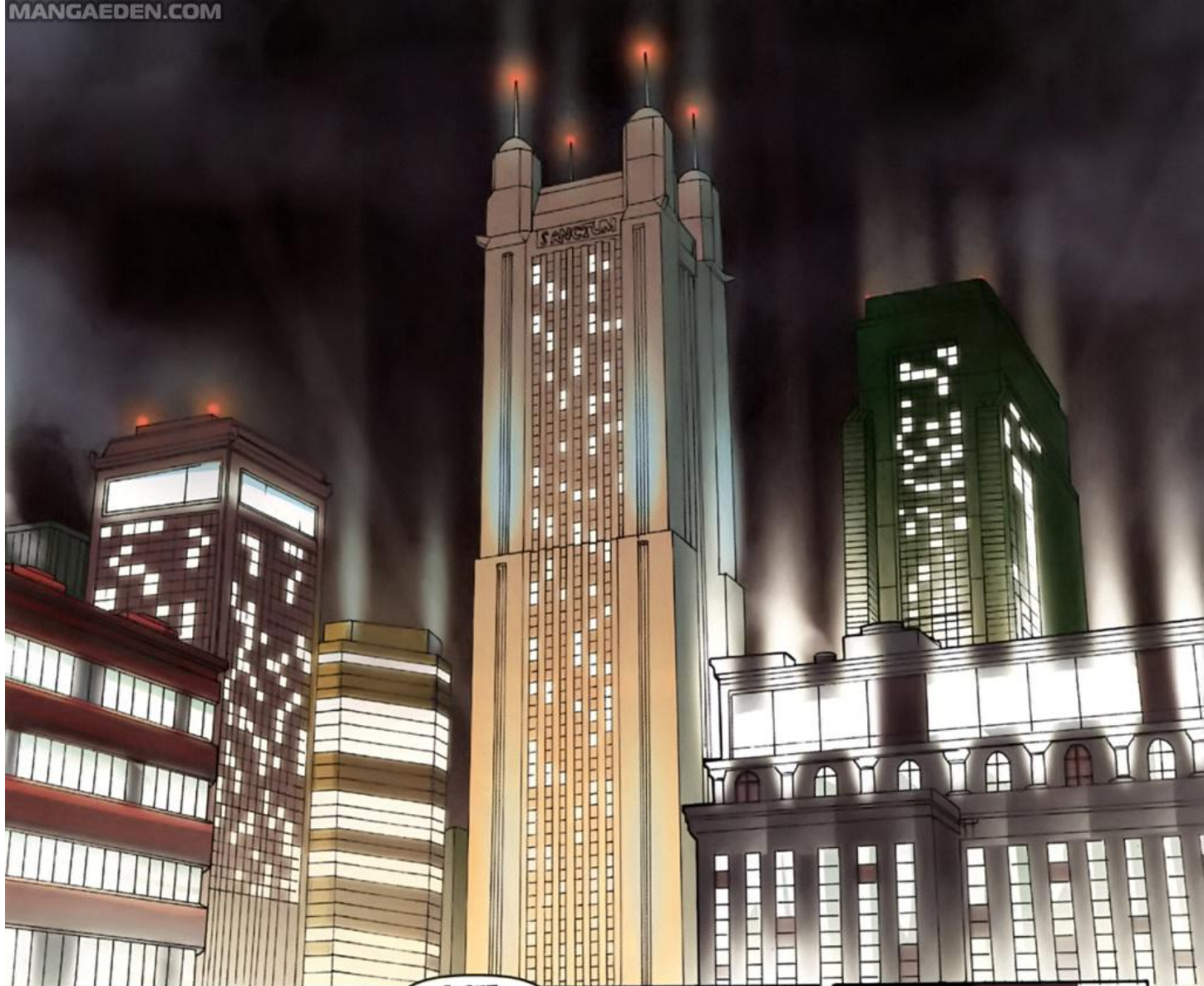
WHO
TOLD YOU
TO SAVE ME?!
I AM YOUR
ENEMY!!

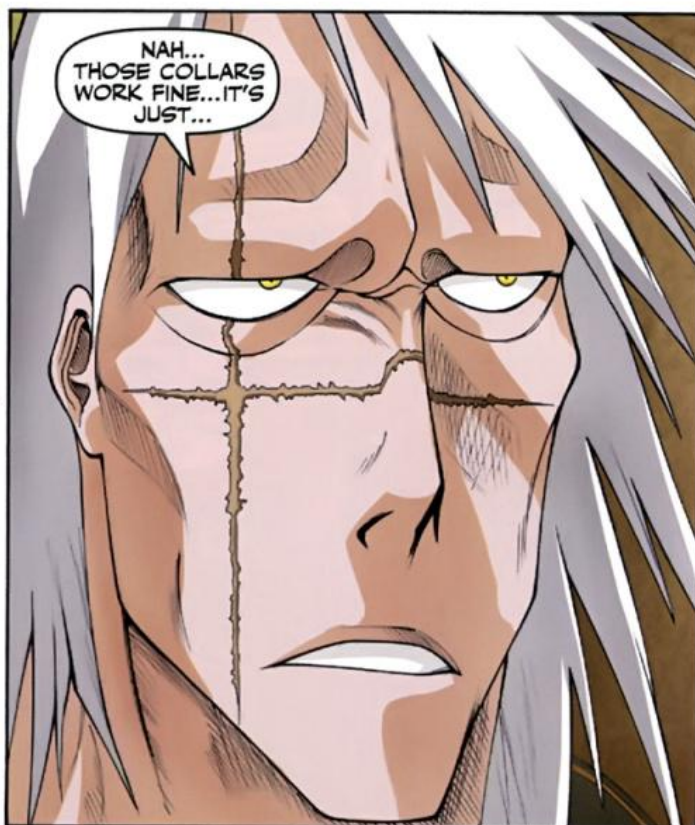
SWAT

TCH. HOW
ANNOYING.

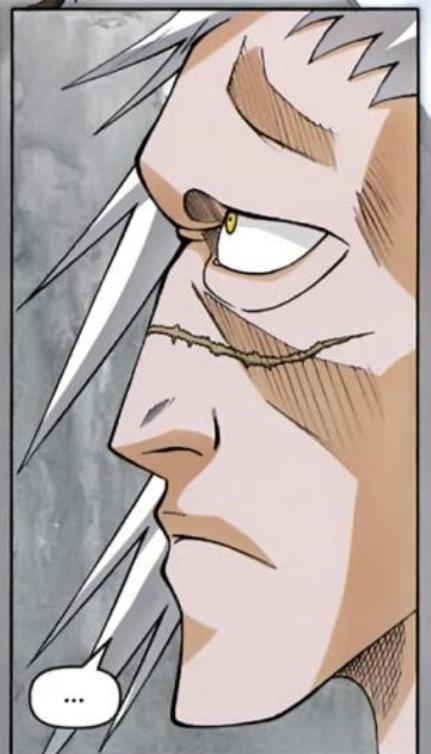
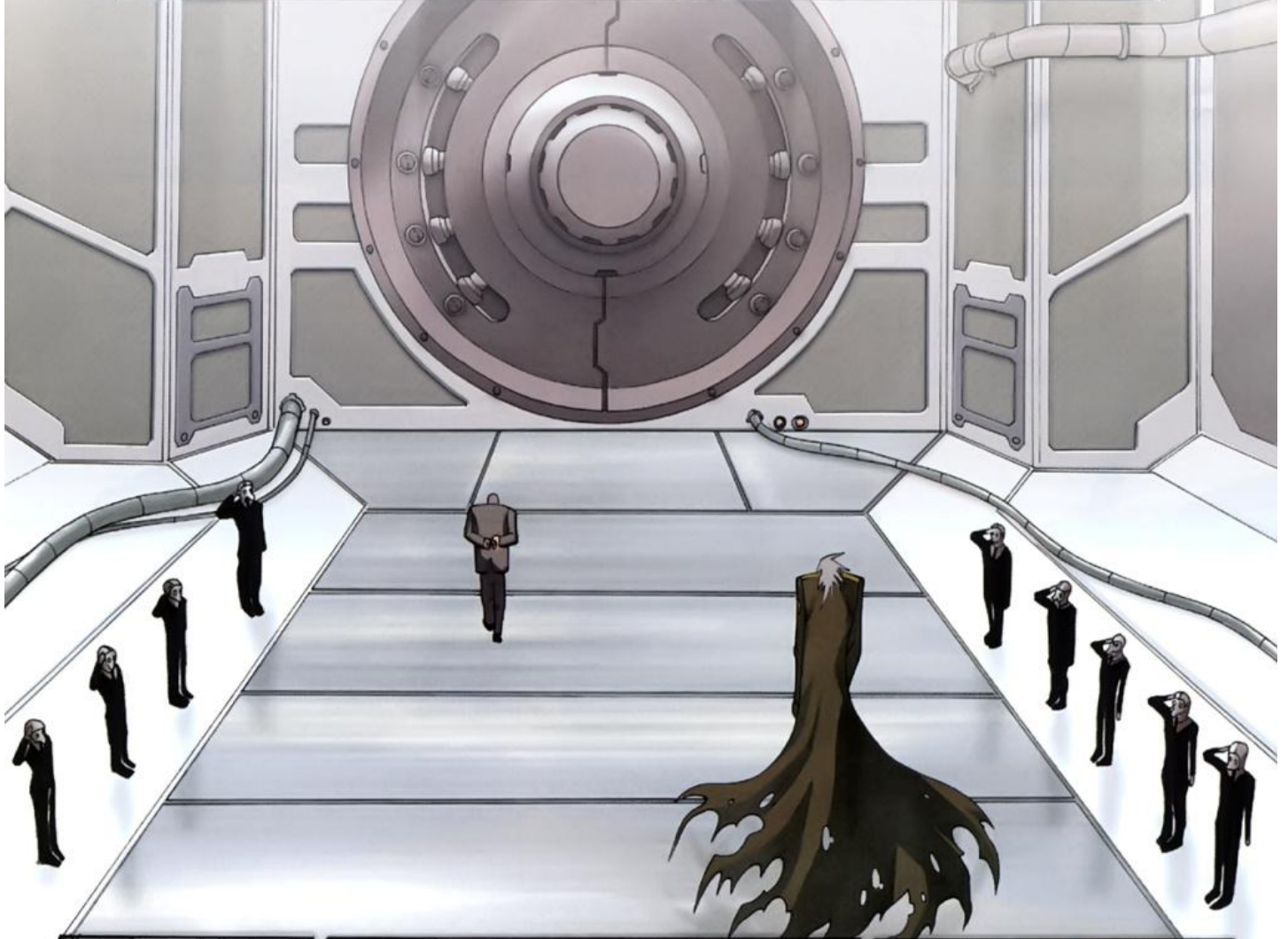












TELL ME,
VINCENT...
DO YOU FEEL
A SENSE OF
NOSTALGIA,
WHEN YOU
COME
HERE?

NOT
PARTICULARLY.

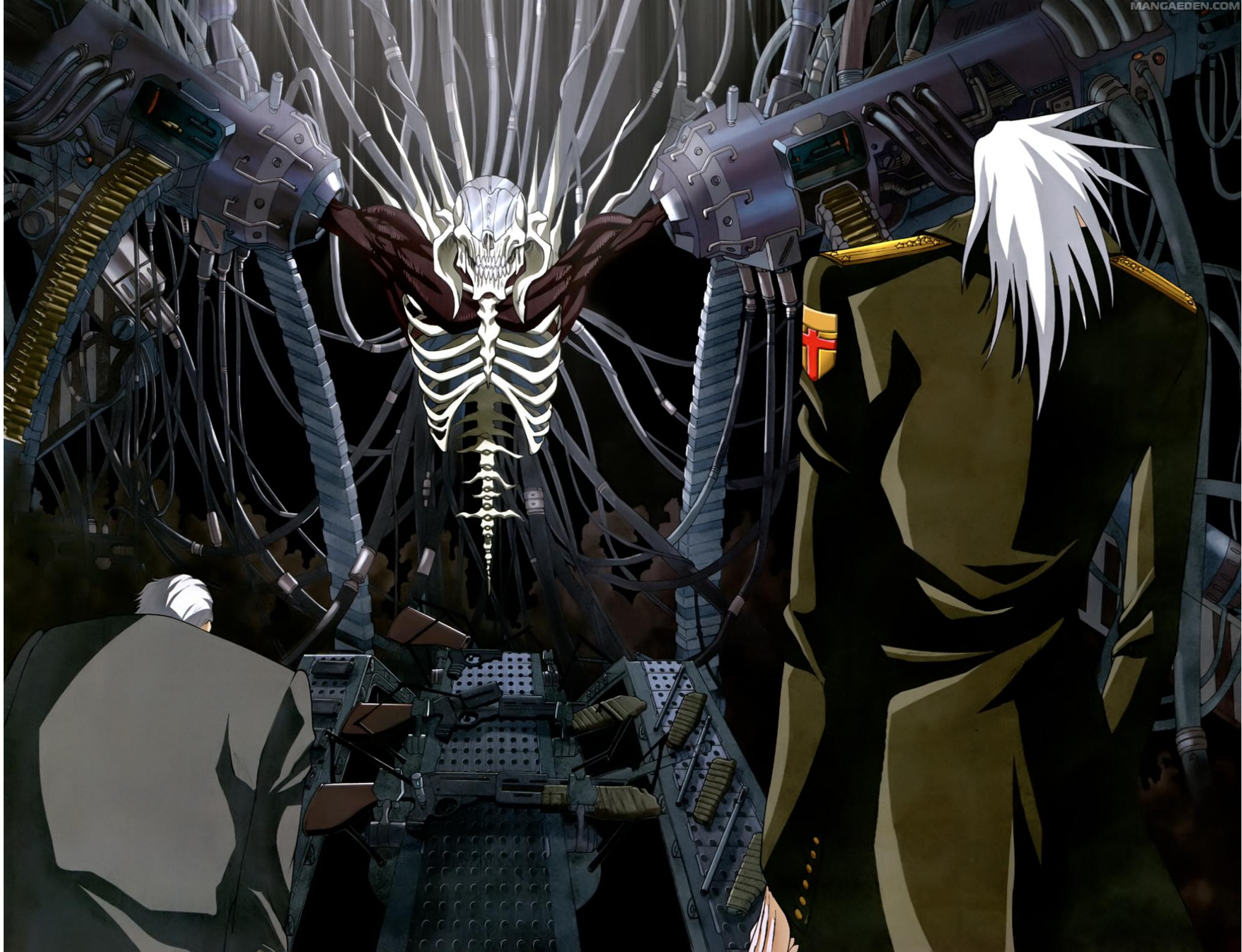
THIS DEMON
HAS NOTHING LEFT
TO OFFER ME.

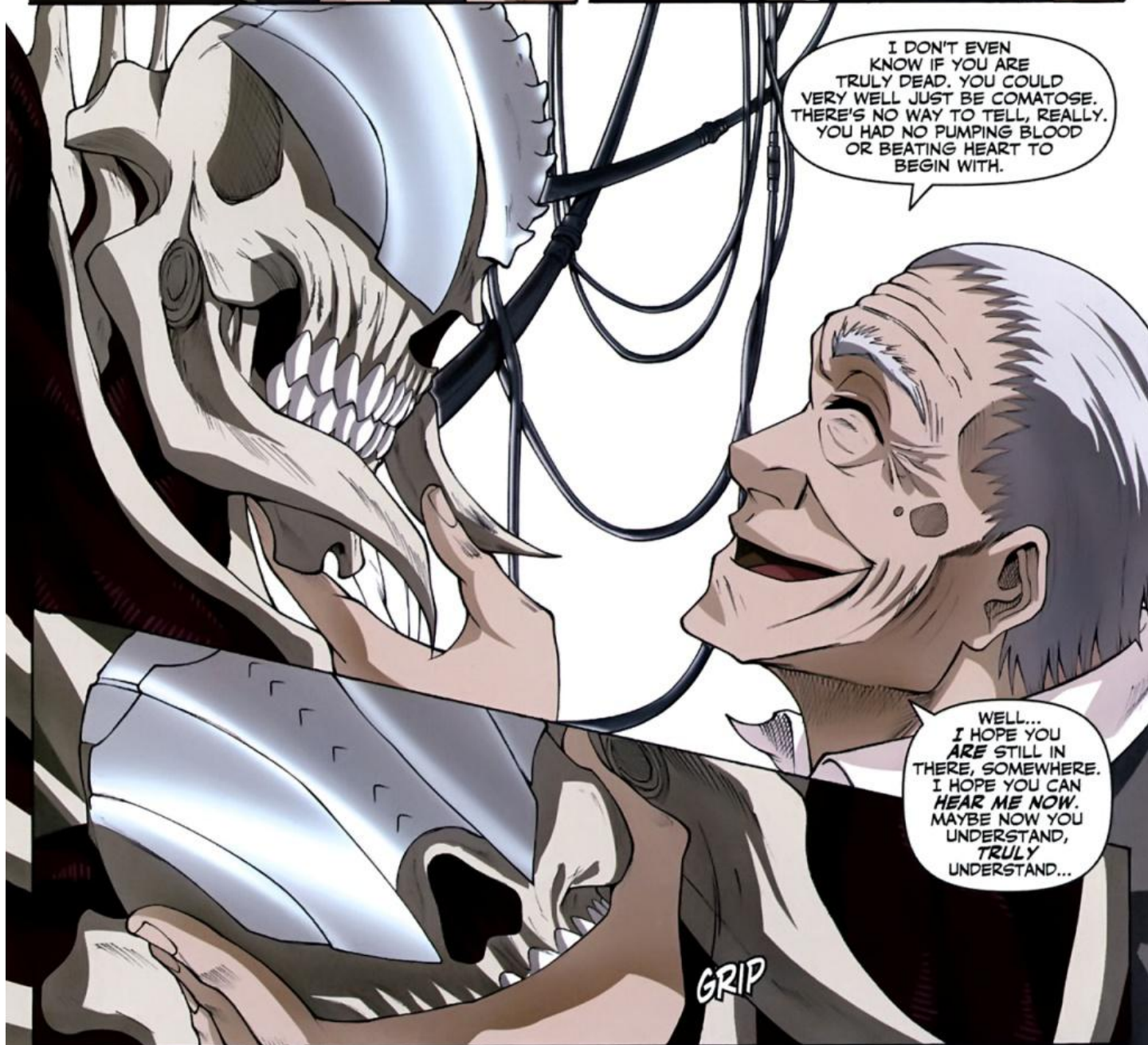
OH?
AND WHY IS
THAT?

OF COURSE,
OF COURSE. YOU'RE A
SIMPLE MAN, WITH SIMPLE *NEEDS*.
I UNDERSTAND. YOU NEED A HUNT THAT
WILL GIVE YOU THAT *THRILL* YOU SEEK.
TELL ME...HAVE YOU FOUND SUCH PREY?

...I MAY
HAVE.

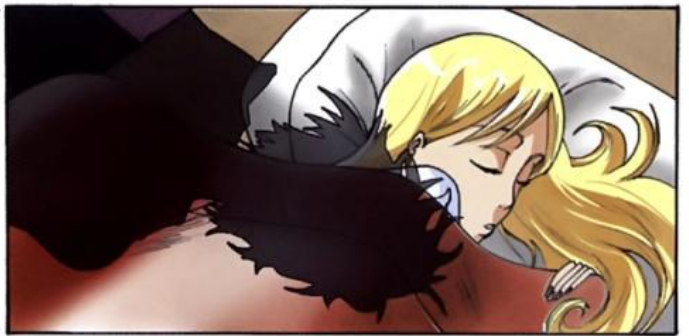
EXCELLENT.
EXCELLENT!
THAT IS EXCELLENT
NEWS, GENERAL. I'D
EXPECT NOTHING
LESS FROM YOU...
AFTER ALL, YOU *ARE*
THE MAN WHO BROUGHT
US *THIS*...OUR VERY
FIRST *SPECIMEN*...
SINGLE-
HANDEDLY.

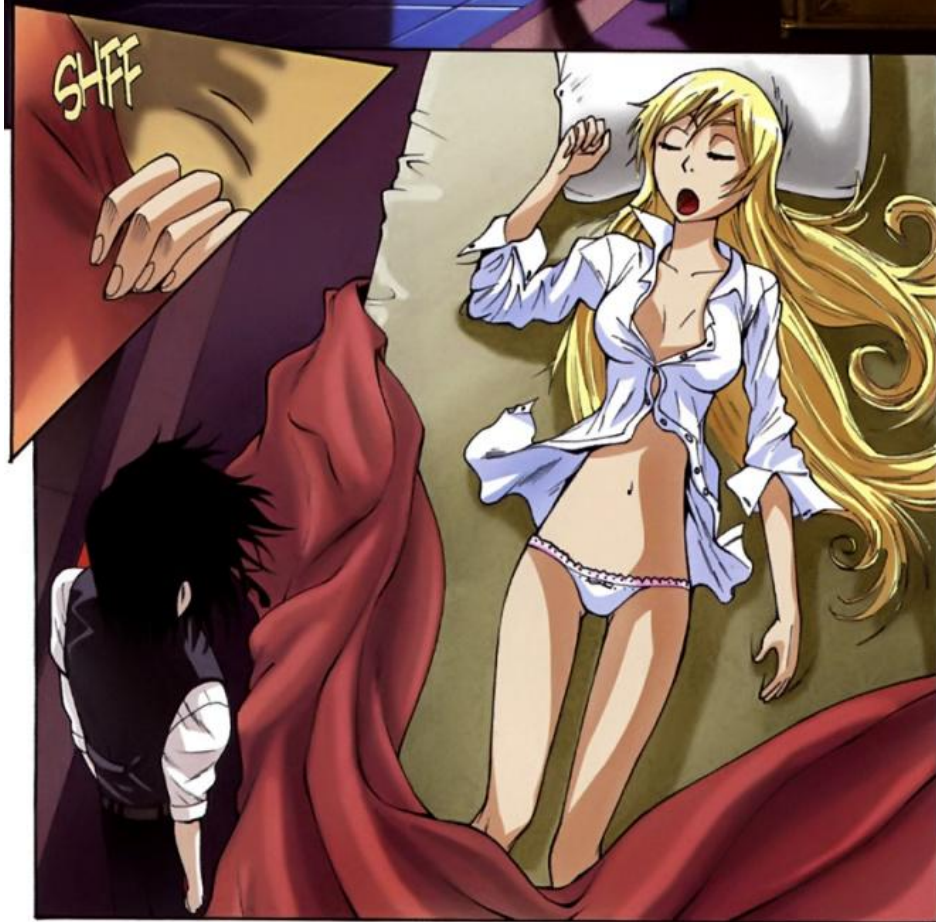




... THAT
THERE IS
NO PLACE
FOR TRASH
LIKE YOU
IN THIS
WORLD.

...











...I'VE WATCHED HIM
SINCE HE WAS HUMAN,
FOR CENTURIES
UNTIL NOW.

I'VE
WATCHED HIM
FROM THE CRADLE
OF HIS BIRTH TO
HIS FIRST DEATH,
AND THE DEATH
AFTER THAT,
AND THE
DEATH AFTER
THAT...



...I CAN
CERTAINLY
WATCH HIM
FOR A BIT
LONGER.



"THERE IS A REASON THE
GOD KING ALWAYS HAS
HOLLOW EYES, ANUBIS..."

"THE WORLD IS CRUEL..."



SO,
YOU'VE
DECIDED TO
WEAR YOUR
OWN FACE
TONIGHT.



"...AND OUR GOD IS CRUEL."



TO BE CONTINUED...



What would you know of defiance
And waging war on the grave,
Of shattering the shackles that bind you
And unrise unconquered, no longer a slave

What would you know of clawing your way out of the earth
With the taste of fresh dirt still on your tongue,
What would you know of forsaking redemption
Damned to never hear the angels singing their song

What would you know of the rage that consumes you
Of fury fueled by liquid fire coursing through your veins,
Would you willingly ravage the life of the world, bathe in its blood
Knowing it'll leave on your soul permanent stains

What would you know of loss & rejection
Of having the gates of Heaven shut in your face,
What would you know of the pangs of hunger
That compel you to ingest the blood of the human race

*"Some will hate you, some will fear you
All will desire you, yet none shall love you"*

What would you know of peace, except when you create war
What would you know of joy, except when you cause affliction,
What would you know of pleasure, except when you inflict pain
What would you know of comfort, except when you nourish your addiction

What would you know of those who sleep deep beneath the earth
Of those outcasts who are now long forgotten, abandoned & neglected,
What would you know of drinking their souls & devouring their flesh
To unrise with the strength of ages as The Unresurrected...